# DHE HOBIT

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## Capter I:

# EN UNIXPEKTID PARTI

IN e houl in dhe graund dher laivd e hobit. Not e nasti, derti, wet houl, fild widh dhi endz ov wermz and en uzi smel, nor yet e drai, ber, sandi houl widh nuthing in it tu sit daun on or tu īt: it waz e hobit houl, and dhat minz kumfert.

It had e perfektli raund dor laik e port-houl, peintid grin, widh e shaini yelou bras nob in dhi ixakt midel. Dhe dor oupend on tu e tüb-sheipt hol laik e tunel: e veri kumfertebel tunel widhaut smouk, widh paneld wolz, and florz taild and karpetid, prevaidid widh polisht cerz, and lots and lots ov pegz for hats and kouts - dhe hobit waz fond ov viziterz. Dhe tunel wund on and on, gouing ferli but not qait streit intu dhe said ov dhe hil - Dhe hil, az ol dhe pipel for meni mailz raund kold it - and meni litel raund dorz oupend aut ov it, ferst on wun said and dhen on enudher. Nou gouing upsterz for dhe hobit: bedrumz, bathrumz, selerz, pantriz (lots ov dhiz), wordroubz (hi had houl rumz divoutid tu kloudhz), kicenz, daining-rumz, ol wer on dhe seim flor, and indid on dhe seim pasij. Dhe best rumz wer ol on dhe left hand said (gouing in), for dhiz wer dhi ounli wunz tu hav windouz, dip-set raund windouz luking ouver hiz garden and medouz biyond, slouping daun tu dhe river.

Dhis hobit waz e veri wel-tu-du hobit, and hiz neim waz Baginz. Dhe Baginziz had laivd in dhe neiberhud ov Dhe Hil for taim aut ov maind, and pipel

kensiderd dhem veri rispektebel, not ounli bikoz moust ov dhem wer ric, but olsou bikoz dhei never had eni advencerz or did enithing unixpektid: yu kud tel wat e Baginz wud sei on eni qescen widhaut dhe bodher ov asking him. Dhis iz e stori ov hau e Baginz had en advencer, faund himself duing and seying thingz oltugedher unixpektid. Hi mei hav lost dhe neiberz' rispekt, but hi geind-wel, yu wil si wedher hi geind enithing in dhi end.

Dhe mudher ov auer pertikyuler hobit—wat iz e hobit? Ai sepouz hobits nid sum diskripshen nauedeiz, sins dhei hav bikum rer and shai ov dhe Big Pipel, az dhei kol us. Dhei ar (or wer) e litel pipel, ebaut haf auer hait, and smoler dhan birdid Dworvz. Hobits hav nou birdz. Dher iz litel or nou majik ebaut dhem, ixept dhi ordeneri evridei sort wic helps dhem tu disepir qaietli and qikli wen larj stupid fouk laik yu and mi kum blundering elong, meiking e noiz laik elifents wic dhei kan hir e mail of. Dhei ar inklaind tu bi fat in dhe stumek; dhei dres in brait kulerz (cifli grin and yelou); wer nou shuz, bikoz dher fit grou nacerel ledheri soulz and thik worm braun her laik dhe stuf on dher hedz (wic iz kerli); hav long klever braun fingerz, gud-neicerd feisiz, and laf dip fruti lafs (ispesheli after diner, wic dhei hav twais e dei wen dhei kan get it). Nau yu nou inuf tu gou on widh. Az ai waz seying, dhe mudher ov dhis hobit—ov Bilbou Baginz, dhat iz—waz dhe feimes Beledone Tuk, wun ov dhe thri rimarkebel doterz ov dhi Ould Tuk, hed ov dhe hobits hu laivd ekros Dhe Woter, dhe smol river dhat ran at dhe fut ov Dhe Hil. It waz often sed (in udher familiz) dhat long egou wun ov dhe Tuk ansesterz must hav teiken e feri waif. Dhat waz, ov kors, ebserd, but sertenli dher waz stil sumthing not intaierli hobitlaik ebaut dhem, and wuns in e wail memberz ov dhe Tuk-klan wud gou and hav advencerz. Dhei diskritli disepird, and dhe famili husht it up; but dhe fakt rimeind dhat dhe Tuks wer not az rispektebel az dhe Baginziz, dhou dhei wer undautidli ricer.

Not dhat Beledone Tuk ever had eni advencerz after shi bikeim Mrs. Bungou Baginz. Bungou, dhat waz Bilbou'z fadher, bilt dhe moust luxuries hobit-houl for her (and partli widh her muni) dhat waz tu bi faund aidher under Dhe Hil or ouver Dhe Hil or ekros Dhe Woter, and dher dhei rimeind tu dhi end ov dher deiz. Stil it iz probebel dhat Bilbou, her ounli sun, oldhou hi lukt and biheivd ixaktli laik e sekend idishen ov hiz solid and kumfertebel fadher, got sumthing e

bit qir in hiz meik-up from dhe Tuk said, sumthing dhat ounli weitid for e cans tu kum aut. Dhe cans never eraivd, until Bilbou Baginz waz groun up, biing ebaut fifti yirz ould or sou, and living in dhe byutifel hobit-houl bilt bai hiz fadher, wic ai hav just diskraibd for yu, until hi had in fakt eparentli seteld daun imuvebeli.

Bai sum kyuries cans wun morning long egou in dhe qaiet ov dhe werld, wen dher waz les noiz and mor grin, and dhe hobits wer stil numeres and prosperes, and Bilbou Baginz waz standing at hiz dor after brekfast smouking en inormis long wuden paip dhat rict nirli daun tu hiz wuli touz (nitli brusht)—Gandalf keim bai. Gandalf! If yu had herd ounli e qoter ov wat ai hav herd ebaut him, and ai hav ounli herd veri litel ov ol dher iz tu hir, yu wud bi priperd for eni sort ov rimarkebel teil. Teilz and advencerz sproutid up ol ouver dhe pleis werever hi went, in dhe moust extreordeneri fashen. Hi had not bin daun dhat wei under Dhe Hil for eijiz, not sins hiz frend dhi Ould Tuk daid, in fakt, and dhe hobits had olmoust forgoten wat hi lukt laik. Hi had bin ewei ouver Dhe Hil and ekros Dhe Woter on biznisiz ov hiz oun sins dhei wer ol smol hobit-boiz and hobit-gerlz.

Ol dhat dhi unsespekting Bilbou so dhat morning waz en ould man widh e staf. Hi had e tol pointid blu hat, e long grei klouk, e silver skarf ouver wic hiz long wait bird hung daun bilou hiz weist, and imens blak buts.

“Gud Morning!” sed Bilbou, and hi ment it. Dhe sun waz shaining, and dhe gras waz veri grin. But Gandalf lukt at him from under long bushi aibrauz dhat stuk aut ferdher dhan dhe brim ov hiz sheidi hat.

“Wat du yu min?” hi sed. “Du yu wish mi e gud morning, or min dhat it iz e gud morning wedher ai want it or not; or dhat yu fil gud dhis morning; or dhat it iz e morning tu bi gud on?”

“Ol ov dhem at wuns,” sed Bilbou. “And e veri fain morning for e paip ov tebakou aut ov dorz, intu dhe bargin. If yu hav e paip ebaut yu, sit daun and hav e fil ov main! Dher'z nou huri, wi hav ol dhe dei bifor us!” Dhen Bilbou sat daun on e sit bai hiz dor, krost hiz legz, and blu aut e byutifel grei ring ov smouk dhat seild up intu dhi er widhaut breiking and floutid ewei ouver Dhe Hil.

“Veri priti!” sed Gandalf. “But ai hav nou taim tu blou smouk-ringz dhis morning. Ai am luking for sumwun tu sher in en advencer dhat ai am ereinjing, and it's veri difikelt tu faind eniwun.”

“Ai shud think sou—in dhiz parts! Wi ar plein qaiet fouk and hav nou yuz for advencerz. Nasti disterbing unkumfertebel thingz! Meik yu leit for diner! Ai kan't think wat enibodi siz in dhem,” sed auer Mr. Baginz, and stuk wun thum bihaind hiz breisiz, and blu aut enudher iven biger smoukring. Dhen hi tuk aut hiz morning leterz, and bigan tu rid, pritending tu teik nou mor noutis ov dhi ould man. Hi had disaidid dhat hi waz not qait hiz sort, and wantid him tu gou ewei. But dhi ould man did not muv. Hi stud lining on hiz stik and geizing at dhe hobit widhaut seying enithing, til Bilbou got qait unkumfertebel and iven e litel kros.

“Gud morning!” hi sed at last. “Wi doun't want eni advencerz hir, thank yu! Yu mait trai ouver Dhe Hil or ekros Dhe Woter.” Bai dhis hi ment dhat dhe konverseishen waz at en end.

“Wat e lot ov thingz yu du yuz *Gud morning* for!” sed Gandalf. “Nau yu min dhat yu want tu get rid ov mi, and dhat it woun't bi gud til ai muv of.”

“Not at ol, not at ol, mai dir ser! Let mi si, ai doun't think ai nou yur neim?”

“Yes, yes, mai dir ser—and ai du nou yur neim, Mr. Bilbou Baginz. And yu du nou mai neim, dhou yu doun't rimember dhat ai bilong tu it. Ai am Gandalf, and Gandalf minz mi! Tu think dhat ai shud hav laivd tu bi gud-morningd bai Beledone Tuk's sun, az if ai waz seling butenz at dhe dor!”

“Gandalf, Gandalf! Gud greishes mi! Not dhe wandering wizerd dhat geiv Ould Tuk e per ov majik daimend studz dhat fasend dhemselvz and never keim undun til orderd? Not dhe felou hu yuzd tu tel suc wunderfel teilz at partiz, ebaut dragenz and goblinz and jaients and dhe reskyu ov prinsesiz and dhi unixpektid luk ov widouz' sunz? Not dhe man dhat yuzd tu meik suc partikyuleri exelent faierwerks! Ai rimember dhouz! Ould Tuk yuzd tu hav dhem on Midsumer'z iv. Splendid! Dhei yuzd tu gou up laik greit liliz and snapdragenz and lebernemz ov faier and hang in dhe twailait ol ivening!” Yu wil noutis

oldredi dhat Mr. Baginz waz not qait sou prouzi az hi laikt tu biliv, olsou dhat hi waz veri fond ov flauerz. “Dir mi!” hi went on. “Not dhe Gandalf hu waz risponsebel for sou meni qaiet ladz and lasiz gouing of intu dhe Blu for mad advencerz? Enithing from klaiming triz tu viziting elvz—or seiling in ships, seiling tu udher shorz! Bles mi, laif yuzd tu bi qait inter—Ai min, yu yuzd tu upset thingz badli in dhiz parts wuns upon e taim. Ai beg yur parden, but ai had nou aidie yu wer stil in biznis.”

“Wer els shud ai bi?” sed dhe wizerd. “Ol dhe seim ai am plizd tu faind yu rimember sumthing ebaut mi. Yu sim tu rimember mai faierwerks kaindli, at eni reit, and dhat iz not widhaut houp. Indid for yur ould grandfadher Tuk's seik, and for dhe seik ov pur Beledone, Ai wil giv yu wat yu askt for.”

“Ai beg yur parden, ai havn't askt for enithing!”

“Yes, yu hav! Twais nau. Mai parden. Ai giv it yu. In fakt ai wil gou sou far az tu send yu on dhis advencer. Veri emyuzing for mi, veri gud for yu—and profitebel tu, veri laikli, if yu ever get ouver it.”

“Sori! Ai doun't want eni advencerz, thank yu. Not tudei. Gud morning! But pliz kum tu ti—eni taim yu laik! Wai not tumorou? Kum tumorou! Gud bai!” Widh dhat dhe hobit ternd and skuteld insaid hiz raund grin dor, and shut it az qikli az hi derd, not tu sim rud. Wizerdz after ol ar wizerdz.

“Wat on erth did Ai ask him tu ti for!” hi sed tu himself, az hi went tu dhe pantri. Hi had ounli just had brekfast, but hi thot e keik or tu and e drink ov sumthing wud du him gud after hiz frait.

Gandalf in dhe mintaim waz stil standing autsaid dhe dor, and lafing long but qaietli. After e wail hi stept up, and widh dhe spaik on hiz staf skract e qir sain on dhe hobit's byutifel grin frunt-dor. Dhen hi stroud ewei, just ebaut dhe taim wen Bilbou waz finishing hiz sekend keik and bigining tu think dhat hi had iskeipt advencerz veri wel.

Dhe next dei hi had olmoust forgoten ebaut Gandalf. Hi did not rimember thingz veri wel, unles hi put dhem daun on hiz Engeijment Tablet: laik dhis:

*Gandalf Ti Wenzdei*. Yesterdei hi had bin tu flusterd tu du enithing ov dhe kaind.

Just bifor ti-taim dher keim e trimendes ring on dhe frunt-dor bel, and dhen hi rimemberd! Hi rusht and put on dhe ketel, and put aut enudher kup and soser, and en extre keik or tu, and ran tu dhe dor.

“Ai am sou sori tu kip yu weiting!” hi waz gouing tu sei, wen hi so dhat it waz not Gandalf at ol. It waz e dworf widh e blu bird tukt intu e goulden belt, and veri brait aiz under hiz dark-grin hud. Az sun az dhe dor waz oupend, hi pusht insaid, just az if hi had bin ixpektid. Hi hung hiz hudid klouk on dhe nirest peg, and “Dwalin at yur servis!” hi sed widh e lou bou.

“Bilbou Baginz at yurz!” sed dhe hobit, tu serpraizd tu ask eni qescenz for dhe moument. Wen dhe sailens dhat faloud had bikum unkumfertebel, hi adid: “Ai am just ebaut tu teik ti; prei kum and hav sum widh mi.” E litel stif perhaps, but hi ment it kaindli. And wat wud yu du, if en uninvaitid dworf keim and hung hiz thingz up in yur hol widhaut e werd ov expleneishen?

Dhei had not bin at teibel long, in fakt dhei had hardli rict dhe therd keik, wen dher keim enudher iven lauder ring at dhe bel.

“Ixkyuz mi!” sed dhe hobit, and of hi went tu dhe dor.

“Sou yu hav got hir at last!” Dhat waz wat hi waz gouing tu sei tu Gandalf dhis taim. But it waz not Gandalf. Insted dher waz e veri ould-luking dworf on dhe step widh e wait bird and e skarlit hud; and hi tu hopt insaid az sun az dhe dor waz oupen, just az if hi had bin ivaitid.

“Ai si dhei hav bigun tu eraiv oldredi,” hi sed wen hi kot sait ov Dwalin'z grin hud hanging up. Hi hung hiz red wun next tu it, and “Balin at yur servis!” hi sed widh hiz hand on hiz brest.

“Thank yu!” sed Bilbou widh e gasp. It waz not dhe kerekt thing tu sei, but *dhei hav bigun tu eraiv* had flusterd him badli. Hi laikt viziterz, but hi laikt tu nou dhem bifor dhei eraivd, and hi priferd tu ask dhem himself. Hi had e horebel thot dhat dhe keiks mait run short, and dhen hi—az dhe houst: hi nyu hiz dyuti and stuk tu it hauever peinfel—hi mait hav tu gou widhaut.

“Kum elong in, and hav sum ti!” hi manijd tu sei after teiking e dip breth.

“E litel bir wud sut mi beter, if it iz ol dhe seim tu yu, mai gud ser,” sed Balin widh dhe wait bird. “But ai doun't maind sum keik—sid-keik, if yu hav eni.”

“Lots!” Bilbou faund himself ansering, tu hiz oun serpraiz; and hi faund himself skuteling of, tu, tu dhe seler tu fil e paint bir-mug, and dhen tu e pantri tu fec tu byutiful raund sid-keiks wic hi had beikt dhat afternun for hiz after-super morsel.

Wen hi got bak Balin and Dwalin wer toking at dhe teibel laik ould frendz (az e mater ov fakt dhei wer brudherz). Bilbou plumpt daun dhe bir and dhe keik in frunt ov dhem, wen laud keim e ring at dhe bel egein, and dhen enudher ring.

“Gandalf for serten dhis taim,” hi thot az hi puft elong dhe pasij. But it waz not. It waz tu mor dworvz,  bouth widh blu hudz, silver belts, and yelou birdz; and ic ov dhem karid e bag ov tulz and e speid. In dhei hopt, az sun az dhe dor bigan tu oupen—Bilbou waz hardli serpraizd at ol.

“Wat kan ai du for yu, mai dworvz?” hi sed.

“Kili at yur servis!” sed dhe wun. “And Fili!” adid dhi udher; and dhei bouth swept of dher blu hudz and boud.

“At yurz and yur famili'z!” riplaid Bilbou, rimembering hiz manerz dhis taim.

“Dwalin and Balin hir olredi, ai si,” sed Kili. “Let us join dhe throng!”

“Throng!” thot Mr. Baginz. “Ai doun't laik dhe saund ov dhat. Ai rili must sit daun for e minit and kolekt mai wits, and hav e drink.” Hi had ounli just had e sip—in dhe korner, wail dhe for dworvz sat raund dhe teibel, and tokt ebaut mainz and gould and trubelz widh dhe goblinz, and dhe deprideishenz ov dragenz, and lots ov udher thingz wic hi did not understand, and did not want tu, for dhei saundid muc tu advenceres—wen, *ding-dong-e-ling-dang*, hiz bel rang egein, az if sum noti litel hobit-boi waz traying tu pul dhe handel of.

“Sumwun at dhe dor!” hi sed, blinking.

“Sum for, ai shud sei bai dhe saund,” sed Fili. “Bisaidz, wi so dhem kuming elong bihaind us in dhe distens.”

Dhe pur litel hobit sat daun in dhe hol and put hiz hed in hiz handz, and wunderd wat had hapend, and wat waz gouing tu hapen, and wedher dhei wud ol stei tu super. Dhen dhe bel rang egain lauder dhan ever, and hi had tu run tu dhe dor. It waz not for after ol, it waz faiv. Enudher dworv had kum elong wail hi waz wundering in dhe hol. Hi had hardli ternd dhe nob, bifor dhei wer ol insaid, bouing and seying “at yur servis” wun after enudher. Dori, Nori, Ori, Oin, and Gloin wer dher neimz; and veri sun tu perpel hudz, e grei hud, e braun hud, and e wait hud wer hanging on dhe pegz, and of dhei marct widh dher brod handz stuk in dher gould and silver belts tu join dhi udherz. Olredi it had olmoust bikum e throng. Sum kold for eil, and sum for porter, and wun for kofi, and ol ov dhem for keiks; sou dhe hobit waz kept veri bizi for e wail.

E big jug ov kofi had just bin set in dhe harth, dhe sid-keiks wer gon, and dhe dworvz wer starting on e raund ov buterd skounz, wen dher keim—e laud nok. Not e ring, but e hard rat-tat on dhe hobit's byutifel grin dor. Sumbodi waz banging widh e stik!

Bilbou rusht elong dhe pasij, veri angri, and oltugedher biwilderd and biwudherd—dhis waz dhe moust akwerd Wenzdei hi ever rimemberd. Hi puld oupen dhe dor widh e jerk, and dhei ol fel in, wun on top ov dhi udher. Mor dworvz, for mor! And dher waz Gandalf bihaind, lining on hiz staf and lafing. Hi had meid qait e dent on dhe byutifel dor; hi had olsou, bai dhe wei, nokt aut dhe sikrit mark dhat hi had put dher dhe morning bifor.

“Kerfeli! Kerfeli!” hi sed. “It iz not laik yu, Bilbou, tu kip frendz weiting on dhe mat, and dhen oupen dhe dor laik e pop-gun! Let mi introudus Bifur, Bofur, Bombur, and ispesheli Thorin!”

“At yur servis!” sed Bifur, Bofur, and Bombur standing in e rou. Dhen dhei hung up tu yelou hudz and e peil grin wun; and olsou e skai-blu wun widh e long silver tasel. Dhis last bilongd tu Thorin, en inormesli importent dworf, in fakt nou udher dhan dhe greit Thorin Oukenshild himself, hu waz not at ol plizd at foling flat on Bilbou'z mat widh Bifur, Bofur, and Bombur on top ov him. For wun thing Bombur waz imensli fat and hevi. Thorin indid waz veri hoti, and sed nuthing ebaut *servis*; but pur Mr. Baginz sed hi waz sori sou meni taimz, dhat at last hi gruntid “prei doun't menshen it,” and stopt frauning.

“Nau wi ar ol hir!” sed Gandalf, luking at dhe rou ov thertin hudz—dhe best ditacebel parti hudz—and hiz oun hat hanging on dhe pegz. “Qait e meri gadhering! Ai houp dher iz sumthing left for dhe leit-kumerz tu it and drink! Wat's dhat? Ti! Nou thank yu! E litel red wain, ai think for mi.”

“And for mi,” sed Thorin.

“And razberi jam and apel-tart,” sed Bifur.

“And mins-paiz and ciz,” sed Bofur.

“And pork-pai and saled,” sed Bombur.

“And mor keiks—and eil—and kofi, if yu doun't maind,” kold dhi udher dworvz thru dhe dor.

“Put on e fyu egz, dher'z e gud felou!” Gandalf kold after him, az dhe hobit stumpt of tu dhe pantriz. “And just bring aut dhe kould cikin and pikelz!”

“Simz tu nou az muc ebaut dhi insaid ov mai larderz az ai du maiself!” thot Mr. Baginz, hu waz filing pozetivli flumoxt, and waz bigining tu wunder wedher e moust recid advencer had not kum rait intu hiz haus. Bai dhe taim hi had got ol dhe botelz and dishiz and naivz and forks and glasiz and pleits and spunz and thingz paild up on big treiz, hi waz geting veri hot, and red in dhe feis, and enoid.

“Kenfustikeit and bibodher dhiz dworvz!” hi sed elaud. “Wai doun't dhei kum and lend e hand?” Lou and bihould! dher stud Balin and Dwalin at dhe dor ov dhe kicen, and Fili and Kili bihaind dhem, and bifor hi kud sei *naif* dhei had wiskt dhe treiz and e kupel ov smol teiblz intu dhe parler and set aut evrithing efresh.

Gandalf sat at dhe hed ov dhe parti widh dhe thertin dworvz ol raund: and Bilbou sat on e stul at dhe faiersaid, nibeling at e biskit (hiz apetait waz qait teiken ewei), and traying tu luk az if dhis waz ol perfektli ordeneri and not in dhe list en advencer. Dhe dworvz et and et, and tokt and tokt, and taim got on. At last dhei pusht dher cerz bak, and Bilbou meid e muv tu kolekt dhe pleits and glasiz.

“Ai sepouz yu wil ol stei tu super?” hi sed in hiz pelaitist unpresing tounz.

“Ov kors!” sed Thorin. “And after. Wi shan't get thru dhe biznis til leit, and wi must hav sum myuzik ferst. Nau tu klir up!”

Dherupon dhe twelv dworvz—not Thorin, hi waz tu importent, and steid toking tu Gandalf—jumpt tu dher fit, and meid tol pailz ov ol dhe thingz. Of dhei went, not weiting for treiz, balensing kolemz ov pleits, ic widh e botel on dhe top, widh wun hand, wail dhe hobit ran after dhem olmoust sqiking widh frait: “pliz bi kerfel!” and “pliz, doun't trubel! Ai kan manij.” But dhe dworvz ounli startid tu sing:

*Cip dhe glasiz and krak dhe pleits!*
*Blunt dhe naivz and bend dhe forks!*
*Dhat's wat Bilbou Baginz heits–*
*Smash dhe botelz and bern dhe korks!*

*Kut dhe kloth and tred on dhe fat!*
*Por dhe milk on dhe pantri flor!*
*Liv dhe bounz on dhe bedrum mat!*
*Splash dhe wain on evri dor!*

*Dump dhe kroks in e boiling boul;*
*Paund dhem up widh e thumping poul;*
*And wen yu'v finisht, if eni ar houl,*
*Send dhem daun dhe hol tu roul!*

*Dhat's wat Bilbou Baginz heits!*
*Sou, kerfeli! kerfeli widh dhe pleits!*

And ov kors dhei did nun ov dhiz dredfel thingz, and evrithing waz klind and put ewei seif az qik az laiting, wail dhe hobit waz terning raund and raund in dhe midel ov dhe kicen traying tu si wat dhei wer duing. Dhen dhei went bak, and faund Thorin widh hiz fit on dhe fender smouking e paip. Hi waz blowing dhe moust inormis smouk-ringz, and werever hi tould wun tu gou, it went—up dhe cimni, or bihaind dhe klok on dhe mantelpis, or under dhe teibel, or raund and raund dhe siling; but werever it went it waz not qik inuf tu iskeip Gandalf. Pop! hi sent e smoler smouk-ring from hiz short klei-paip streit thru ic wun ov Thorin'z. Dhen Gandalf's smouk-ring wud gou grin and kum bak tu hover ouver dhe wizerd'z hed. Hi had e klaud ov dhem ebaut him olredi, and in dhe dim lait it meid him luk streinj and sorseres. Bilbou stud stil and wact—hi luvd smouk-ringz—and dhen hi blusht tu think hau proud hi had bin yesterdei morning ov dhe smouk-ringz hi had sent up wind ouver Dhe Hil.

“Nau for sum myuzik!” sed Thorin. “Bring aut dhi instrements!”

Kili and Fili rusht for dher bagz and brot bak litel fidelz; Dori, Nori, and Ori brot aut fluts from sumwer insaid dher kouts; Bombur predust e drum from dhe hol; Bifur and Bofur went aut tu, and keim bak widh klarinets dhat dhei had left emung dhe woking-stiks. Dwalin and Balin sed: “Ixkyuz mi, ai left main in dhe porc!” “Just bring main in widh yu!” sed Thorin. Dhei keim bak widh vaielz az big az dhemselvz, and widh Thorin'z harp rapt in e grin kloth. It waz e byutifel goulden harp, and wen Thorin struk it dhe myuzik bigan ol at wuns, sou suden and swit dhat Bilbou forgot evrithing els, and waz swept ewei intu dark landz under streinj munz, far ouver Dhe Woter and veri far from hiz hobit-houl under Dhe Hil.

Dhe dark keim intu dhe rum from dhe litel windou dhat oupend in dhe said ov Dhe Hil; dhe faierlait flikerd—it waz Eiprel—and stil dhei pleid on, wail dhe shadou ov Gandalf's bird wagd egeinst dhe wol.

Dhe dark fild ol dhe rum, and dhe faier daid daun, and dhe shadouz wer lost, and stil dhei pleid on. And sudenli ferst wun and dhen enudher bigan tu sing az dhei pleid, dip-throutid singing ov dhe dworvz in dhe dip pleisiz ov dher eincent houmz; and dhis iz laik e fragment ov dher song, if it kan bi laik dher song widhaut dher myuzik.

*Far ouver dhe misti mauntinz kould*
*Tu dunjenz dip and kavernz ould*
*Wi must ewei er breik ov dei*
*Tu sik dhe peil incantid gould.*

*Dhe dworvz ov yor meid maiti spelz,*
*Wail hamerz fel laik ringing belz*
*In pleisiz dip, wer dark thingz slip,*
*In holou holz binith dhe felz.*

*For eincent king and elvish lord*
*Dher meni e gliming goulden hord*
*Dhei sheipt and rot, and lait dhei kot*
*Tu haid in jemz on hilt ov sord.*

*On silver neklesiz dhei strung*
*Dhe flauering starz, on kraunz dhei hung*
*Dhe dragen-faier, in twistid waier*
*Dhei mesht dhe lait ov mun and sun.*

*Far ouver dhe misti mauntinz kould*
*Tu dunjenz dip and kavernz ould*
*Wi must ewei, er braik ov dei,*
*Tu kleim auer long-forgoten gould.*

*Goblits dhei karvd dher for dhemselvz*
*And harps ov gould; wer nou man delvz*
*Dher lei dhei long, and meni e song*
*Waz sung unherd bai men or elvz.*

*Dhe painz wer roring on dhe hait,*
*Dhe windz wer mouning in dhe nait.*
*Dhe faier waz red, it fleiming spred;*
*Dhe triz laik torciz bleizd widh lait.*

*Dhe belz wer ringing in dhe deil*
*And men lukt up widh feisiz peil;*
*Dhe dragen'z aier mor firs dhan faier*
*Leid lou dher tauerz and hausiz freil.*

*Dhe mauntin smoukt binith dhe mun;*
*Dhe dworvz, dhei herd dhe tramp ov dum.*
*Dhei fled dher hol tu daying fol*
*Binith hiz fit, binith dhe mun.*

*Far ouver dhe misti mauntinz grim*
*Tu dunjenz dip and kavernz dim*
*Wi must ewei, er breik ov dei,*
*Tu win auer harps and gould from him!*

Az dhei sang dhe hobit felt dhe luv ov byutifel thingz meid bai handz and bai kuning and bai majik muving thru him, e firs and e jeles luv, dhe dizaier ov dhe herts ov dworvz. Dhen sumthing Tukish wouk up insaid him, and hi wisht tu gou and si dhe greit mauntinz, and hir dhe pain-triz and dhe woterfolz, and ixplor dhe keivz, and wer e sord insted ov e woking-stik. Hi lukt aut ov dhe windou. Dhe starz wer aut in e dark kavernz. Sudenli in dhe wud biyond Dhe Woter e fleim lept up—probebli sumbodi laiting e wud-faier—and hi thot ov plundering dragenz seteling on hiz qaiet Hil and kindling it ol tu fleimz. Hi shuderd; and veri qikli hi waz plein Mr. Baginz ov Bag-End Under-Hil, egein.

Hi got up trembeling. Hi had les dhan haf e maind tu fec dhe lamp, and mor dhan haf e maind tu pritend tu, and gou and haid bihaind dhe bir-barelz in dhe seler, and not kum aut egein until ol dhe dworvz had gon ewei. Sudenli hi faund dhat dhe myuzik and dhe singing had stopt, and dhei wer ol luking at him widh aiz shaining in dhe dark.

“Wer ar yu gouing?” sed Thorin, in e toun dhat simd tu shou dhat hi gest bouth havz ov dhe hobit's maind.

“Wat ebaut e litel lait?” sed Bilbou epolejetikli.

“Wi laik dhe dark,” sed ol dhe dworvz. “Dark for dark biznis! Dher ar meni auerz bifor don.”

“Ov kors!” sed Bilbou, and sat daun in e huri. Hi mist dhe stul and sat in dhe fender, noking ouver dhe pouker and shuvel widh e krash.

“Hush!” sed Gandalf. “Let Thorin spik!” And dhis iz hau Thorin bigan.

“Gandalf, dworvz and Mr. Baginz! Wi ar met tugedher in dhe haus ov auer frend and felou kenspireter, dhis moust exelent and adeishes hobit—mei dhe her on hiz touz never fol aut! ol preiz tu hiz wain and eil!—” Hi pozd for breth and for e pelait rimark from dhe hobit, but dhe kompliments wer qait lost on pur Bilbou Baginz, hu waz waging hiz mauth in proutest at biing kold *adeishes* and werst ov ol *felou kenspireter*, dhou nou noiz keim aut, hi waz sou flumext. Sou Thorin went on:

“Wi ar met tu diskus auer planz, auer weiz, minz, polesi and divaisiz. Wi shal sun bifor dhe breik ov dei start on auer long jerni, e jerni from wic sum ov us, or perhaps ol ov us (ixept auer frend and kaunseler, dhi injinies wizerd Gandalf) mei never ritern. It iz e solem moument. Auer objekt iz, ai teik it, wel noun tu us ol. Tu dhi estimebel Mr. Baginz, and perhaps tu wun or tu ov dhe yunger dworvz (ai think ai shud bi rait in neiming Kili and Fili, for instens), dhi ixakt sicueishen at dhe moument mei riqaier e litel brif expleneishen—”

Dhis waz Thorin'z stail. Hi waz en importent dworf. If hi had bin elaud, hi wud probebli hav gon on laik dhis until hi waz aut ov breth, widhaut teling eni wun dher enithing dhat waz not noun olredi. But hi waz rudli interuptid. Pur Bilbou kudn't ber it eni longer. At *mei never ritern* hi bigan tu fil e shrik kuming up insaid, and veri sun it berst laik dhe wisel ov en enjin kuming aut ov e tunel. Ol dhe dworvz sprang up, noking ouver dhe teibel. Gandalf struk e blu lait on dhi end ov hiz majik staf, and in its faierwerk gler dhe pur litel hobit kud bi sin niling on dhe harth-rug, sheiking laik e jeli dhat waz melting. Dhen hi fel flat on dhe flor, and kept on koling aut “struk bai laiting, struk bai laiting!” ouver and ouver egein; and dhat waz ol dhei kud get aut ov him for e long taim. Sou dhei tuk him and leid him aut ov dhe wei on dhe droing-rum soufe widh e drink at hiz elbou, and dhei went bak tu dher dark biznis.

“Ixaitebel litel felou,” sed Gandalf, az dhei sat daun egein. “Gets funi qir fits, but hi iz wun ov dhe best, wun ov dhe best—az firs az e dragen in e pinc.”

If yu hav ever sin e dragen in e pinc, yu wil rilaiz dhat dhiz waz ounli pouetikel ixajereishen eplaid tu eni hobit, iven tu Ould Tuk's greit-grand-unkel Bulrorer, hu waz sou hyuj (for e hobit) dhat hi kud raid e hors. Hi carjd dhe ranks ov dhe goblinz ov Maunt Gram in dhe Batel ov dhe Grin Fildz, and nokt dher king Golfimbel'z hed klin of widh e wuden klub. It seild e hundred yardz thru dhi er and went daun e rabit-houl, and in dhis wei dhe batel waz wan and dhe geim ov golf inventid at dhe seim moument.

In dhe minwail, hauever, Bulrorer'z jentler disendent waz rivaiving in dhe droing-rum. After e wail and e drink hi krept nervesli tu dhe dor ov dhe parler. Dhis iz wat hi herd, Gloin spiking: “Humf!” (or sum snort mor or les laik dhat). “Wil hi du, du yu think? It iz ol veri wel for Gandalf tu tok ebaut dhis hobit biing

firs, but wun shrik laik dhat in e moument ov ixaitment wud bi inuf tu weik dhe dragen and ol hiz reletivz, and kil dhe lot ov us. Ai think it saundid mor laik frait dhan ixaitment! in fakt, if it had not bin for dhe sain on dhe dor, ai shud hav bin shur wi had kum tu dhe rong haus. Az sun az ai klapt aiz on dhe litel felou bobing and pufing on dhe mat, ai had mai dauts. Hi luks mor laik e grouser dhan e bergler!"

Dhen Mr. Baginz ternd dhe handel and went in. Dhe Tuk said had wan. Hi sudenli felt hi wud gou widhaut bed and brekfast tu bi thot firs. Az for *litel felou bobing on dhe mat* it olmoust meid him rili firs. Meni e taim afterwerdz dhe Baginz part rigretid wat hi did nau, and hi sed tu himself: "Bilbou, yu wer e ful; yu wokt rait in and put yur fut in it."

"Parden mi," hi sed, "if ai hav ouverherd werdz dhat yu wer seying. Ai doun't pritend tu understand wat yu ar toking ebaut, or yur referens tu berglerz, but ai think ai am rait in biliving" (dhis iz wat hi kold biing on hiz digenti) "dhat yu think ai am nou gud. Ai wil shou yu. Ai hav nou sainz on mai dor—it waz paintid e wik egou—, and ai am qait shur yu hav kum tu dhe rong haus. Az sun az ai so yur funi feisiz on dhe dor-step, ai had mai dauts. But trit it az dhe rait wun. Tel mi wat yu want dun, and ai wil trai it, if ai hav tu wok from hir tu dhi Ist ov Ist and fait dhe waild Wer-wermz in dhe Last Dezert. Ai had e greit-greit-greit-grand-unkel wuns, Bulrorer Tuk, and—"

"Yes, yes, but dhat waz long egou," sed Gloin. "Ai waz toking ebaut *yu*. And ai eshur yu dher iz e mark on dhis dor—dhe yuzhul wun in dhe treid, or yuzd tu bi. *Bergler wants e gud jab, plenti ov Ixaitment and rizenebel riword*, dhat's hau it iz yuzhuli red. Yu kan sei *Expert Trezher-hunter* insted ov *Bergler* if yu laik. Sum ov dhem du. It's ol dhe seim tu us. Gandalf tould us dhat dher waz e man ov dhe sort in dhiz parts luking for e job at wuns, and dhat hi had ereinjd for e miting hir dhiz Wenzdei ti-taim."

"Ov kors dher iz e mark," sed Gandalf. "Ai put it dher maiself. For veri gud rizenz. Yu askt mi tu faind dhe fortinth man for yur expedishen, and ai couz Mr. Baginz. Just let eni wun sei ai couz dhe rong man or dhe rong haus, and yu kan stop at thertin and hav ol dhe bad luk yu laik, or gou bak tu diging koul."

Hi skauld sou angrili at Gloin dhat dhe dworf hudeld bak in hiz cer; and wen Bilbou traid tu oupen hiz mauth  tu ask e qescen, hi ternd and fraund at him and stuk aut hiz bushi aibrauz, til Bilbou shut hiz mauth tait widh e snap. “Dhat's rait,” sed Gandalf. “Let's hav nou mor argyument. Ai hav cousen Mr. Baginz and dhat ot tu bi inuf for ol ov yu. If ai sei hi iz e Bergler, e Bergler hi iz, or wil bi wen dhe taim kumz. Dher iz e lot mor in him dhan yu ges, and e dil mor dhan hi haz eni aidie himself. Yu mei (pasebli) ol laiv tu thank mi yet. Nau Bilbou, mai boi, fec dhe lamp, and let's hav e litel lait on dhis!”

On dhe teibel in dhe lait ov e big lamp widh e red sheid hi spred e pis ov parcment radher laik e map.

“Dhis waz meid bai Thror, yur grandfadher, Thorin,” hi sed in anser tu dhe dworvz' ixaitid qescenz. “It iz e plan ov dhe Mauntin.”

“Ai doun't si dhat dhis wil help us muc,” sed Thorin disepointidli after e glans. “Ai rimember dhe Mauntin wel inuf and dhe landz ebaut it. And ai nou wer Mirkwud iz, and dhe Widherd Hith wer dhe greit dragenz bred.”

“Dher iz e dragen markt in red on dhe mauntin,” sed Balin, “but it wil bi izi inuf tu faind him widhaut dhat, if ever wi eraiv dher.”

“Dher iz wun point dhat yu havn't noutist,” sed dhe wizerd, “and dhat iz dhe sikrit entrens. Yu si dhat run on dhe West said, and dhe hand pointing tu it from dhi udher runz? Dhat marks e hiden pasij tu dhe Louer Holz.” (Luk at dhe map at dhe bigining ov dhis buk, and yu wil si dher dhe runz.)

“It mei hav bin sikrit wuns,” sed Thorin, “but hau du wi nou dhat it iz sikrit eni longer? Ould Smaug haz laivd dher long inuf nau tu faind aut enithing dher iz tu nou ebaut dhouz keivz.”

“Hi mei—but hi kan't hav yuzd it for yirz and yirz.”

“Wai?”

“Bikoz it iz tu smol. ‘Faiv fit hai dhe dor and thri mei wok ebrest’ sei dhe runz, but Smaug kud not krip intu e houl dhat saiz, not iven wen hi waz e yung dragen, sertenli not after divauering sou meni ov dhe dworvz and men ov Deil.”

“It simz e greit big houl tu mi,” sqikt Bilbou (hu had nou ixpiriens ov dragenz and ounli ov hobit-houlz). Hi waz geting ixaitid and intrestid egein, sou dhat hi forgot tu kip hiz mauth shat. Hi luvd maps, and in hiz hol dher hung e larj wun ov dhe Kuntri Raund widh ol hiz feiverit woks markt on it in red ink. “Hau kud suc e larj dor bi kept sikrit from evribodi autsaid, epart from dhe dragen?” hi askt. Hi waz ounli e litel hobit yu must rimember.

“In lots ov weiz,” sed Gandalf. “But in wat wei dhis wun haz bin hiden wi doun't nou widhaut gouing tu si. From wat it sez on dhe map ai shud ges dher iz e klouzd dor wic haz bin meid tu luk ixaktli laik dhe said ov dhe Mauntin. Dhat iz dhe yuzhul dworvz' methed—ai think dhat iz rait, izn't it?”

“Qait rait,” sed Thorin.

“Olsou,” went on Gandalf, “Ai forgot tu menshen dhat widh dhe map went e ki, e smol and kyuries ki. Hir it iz!” hi sed, and handid tu Thorin e ki widh e long barel and intrikit wordz, meid ov silver. “Kip it seif!”

“Indid ai wil,” sed Thorin, and hi fasend it upon e fain cein dhat hung ebaut hiz nek and under hiz jakit. “Nau thingz bigin tu luk mor houpfel. Dhis nyuz olterz dhem muc for dhe beter. Sou far wi hav had nou klir aidie wat tu du. Wi thot ov gouing Ist, az qait and kerfel az wi kud, az far az dhe Long Leik. after dhat dhe trubel wud bigin—.”

“E long taim bifor dhat, if ai nou enithing ebaut dhe roudz ist,” interuptid Gandalf.

“Wi mait gou from dher up elong dhe River Runing,” went on Thorin teiking nou noutis, “and sou tu dhe ruinz ov Deil—dhi ould taun in dhe vali dher, under dhe shadou ov dhe Mauntin. But wi nun ov us laikt dhi aidie ov dhe Frunt Geit. Dhe river runz rait aut ov it thru dhe greit klif at dhe Sauth ov dhe Mauntin, and aut ov it kumz dhe dragen tu—far tu often, unles hi haz ceinjd hiz habits.”

“Dhat wud bi nou gud,” sed dhe wizerd, “not widhaut e maiti Worier, iven e Hirou. Ai traid tu faind wun; but worierz ar bizi faiting wun enudher in distent landz, and in dhis neiberhud hirouz ar skers, or simpli not tu bi faund. Sordz in dhiz parts ar moustli blunt, and axiz ar yuzd for triz, and shildz az kreidelz or dish-kuverz; and dragenz ar kumfertebli far-of (and dherfor lejenderi). Dhat iz

wai ai seteld on *bergleri*—ispesheli wen ai rimemberd dhi ixistens ov e Said-dor. And hir iz auer litel Bilbou Baginz, *dhe bergler*, dhe couzen and silektid bergler. Sou nau let's get on and meik sum planz."

"Veri wel dhen," sed Thorin, "sepouzing dhe bergler-expert givz us sum aidiez or sejestenz." Hi ternd widh mok-pelaitnes tu Bilbou.

"Ferst ai shud laik tu nou e bit mor ebaut thingz," sed hi, filing ol kenfyuzd and e bit sheiki insaid, but sou far stil Tukishli ditermind tu gou on widh thingz. "Ai min ebaut dhe gould and dhe dragen, and ol dhat, and hau it got dher, and hu it bilongz tu, and sou on and ferdher."

"Bles mi!" sed Thorin, "havn't yu got e map? and didn't yu hir auer song? and havn't wi bin toking ebaut ol dhis for auerz?"

"Ol dhe seim, ai shud laik it ol plein and klir," sed hi obstinitli, puting on hiz biznis maner (yuzhuli rizervd for pipel hu traid tu borou muni of him), and duing hiz best tu epir waiz and prudent and prefeshenel and laiv up tu Gandalf's rekemendeishen. "Olsou ai shud laik tu nou ebaut risks, aut-ov-pokit ixpensiz, taim riqaierd and rimyunereishen, and sou forth"—bai wic hi ment: "Wat am ai gouing tu get aut ov it? and am ai gouing tu kum bak elaiv?"

"Ou veri wel," sed Thorin. "Long egou in mai grandfadher Thror'z taim auer famili waz driven aut ov dhe far North, and keim bak widh ol dher welth and dher tulz tu dhis Mauntin on dhe map. It had bin diskuverd bai mai far ansester, Threin dhi Ould, but nau dhei maind and dhei tuneld and dhei meid hyujer holz and greiter werkshops—and in edishen ai biliv dhei faund e gud dil ov gould and e greit meni julz tu. Eniwei dhei gru imensli ric and feimes, and mai grandfadher waz King under dhe Mauntin egein, and tritid widh greit reverens bai dhe mortel men, hu laivd tu dhe Sauth, and wer greijuli spreding up dhe Runing River az far az dhe vali ouvershadoud bai dhe Mauntin. Dhei bilt dhe meri taun ov Deil dher in dhouz deiz. Kingz yuzd tu send for auer smiths, and riword iven dhe list skillfel moust ricli. Fadherz wud beg us tu teik dher sunz az eprentisiz, and pei us hansemli, ispesheli in fud-seplaiz, wic wi never bodherd tu grou or faind for auerselvz. Oltugedher dhouz wer gud deiz for us, and dhe purist ov us had muni tu spend and tu lend, and lezher tu meik byutifel thingz just for dhe

fun ov it, not tu spik ov dhe moust marveles and majikel toiz, dhe laik ov wic iz not tu bi faund in dhe werld nau-e-deiz. Sou mai grandfadher'z holz bikeim ful ov armer and julz and karvingz and kups, and dhe toi markit ov Deil waz dhe wunder ov dhe North.

“Undautidli dhat waz wat brot dhe dragen. Dragenz stil gould and julz, yu nou, from men and elvz and dworvz, werever dhei kan faind dhem; and dhei gard dher plunder az long az dhei laiv (wic iz proktikeli for ever, unles dhei ar kild), and never enjoi e bras ring ov it. Indid dhei hardli nou e gud bit ov werk from e bad, dhou dhei yuzhuli hav e gud noushen ov dhe kurent markit valyu; and dhei kan't meik e thing for dhemselvz, not iven mend e litel lus skeil ov dher armer. Dher wer lots ov dragenz in dhe North in dhouz deiz, and gould waz probebli geting skers up dher, widh dhe dworvz flaying sauth or geting kild, and ol dhe jenerel weist and distrukshen dhat dragenz meik gouing from bad tu wers. Dher waz e moust spesheli gridi, strong and wikid werm kold Smaug. Wun dei hi flu up intu dhi er and keim sauth. Dhe ferst wi herd ov it waz noiz laik e hurikein kuming from dhe North, and dhe pain-triz on dhe Mauntin kriking and kraking in dhe wind. Sum ov dhe dworvz hu hapend tu bi autsaid (ai waz wun lukeli—e fain advenceres lad in dhouz deiz, olweiz wandering ebaut, and it seivd mai laif dhat dei)—wel, from e gud wei of wi so dhe dragen setel on auer mauntin in e spaut ov fleim. Dhen hi keim daun dhe sloups and wen hi rict dhe wudz dhei ol went up in faier. Bai dhat taim ol dhe belz wer ringing in Deil and dhe worierz wer arming. Dhe dworvz rusht aut ov dher greit geit; but dher waz dhe dragen weiting for dhem. Nun iskeipt dhat wei. Dhe river rusht up in stim and e fog fel on Deil, and in dhe fog dhe dragen keim on dhem and distroid moust ov dhe worierz—dhe yuzhul unhapi stori, it waz ounli tu komen in dhouz deiz. Dhen hi went bak and krept in thru dhe Frunt Geit and rautid aut ol dhe holz, and leinz, and tunelz, aliz, selerz, manshenz and pasijiz. After dhat dher wer nou dworvz left elaiv insaid, and hi tuk ol dher welth for himself. Probebli, for dhat iz dhe dragenz' wei, hi haz paild it ol up in e greit hip far insaid, and slips on it for e bed. Leiter hi yuzd tu krol aut ov dhe greit geit and kum bai nait tu Deil, and kari ewei pipel, ispesheli meidenz, tu it, until Deil ruind, and ol dhe pipel ded or gon. Wat gouz on dher nau ai doun't nou for serten, but ai doun't sepouz eni wun laivz nirer tu dhe Mauntin dhan dhe far ej ov dhe Long Leik nau-e-deiz.

“Dhe fyu ov us dhat wer wel autsaid sat and wept in haiding, and kerst Smaug; and dher wi wer unixpektidli joind bai mai fadher and mai grandfadher widh sinjd birdz. Dhei lukt veri grim but dhei sed veri litel. Wen ai askt hau dhei had got ewei, dhei tould mi tu hould mai tung, and sed dhat wun dei in dhe proper taim ai shud nou. After dhat wi went ewei, and wi hav had tu ern auer livingz az best wi kud up and daun dhe landz, often inuf sinking az lou az blaksmith-werk or iven koulmaining. But wi hav never forgoten auer stoulen trezher. And iven nau, wen ai wil elau wi hav e gud bit leid bai and ar not sou badli of”—hir Thorin stroukt dhe gould cein raund hiz nek—“wi stil min tu get it bak, and tu bring auer kersiz houm tu Smaug—if wi kan.

“Ai hav often wunderd ebaut mai fadher'z and mai grandfadher'z iskeip. Ai si nau dhei must hav had e praivet Said-dor wic ounli dhei nyu ebaut. But eparentli dhei meid e map, and ai shud laik tu nou hau Gandalf got hould ov it, and wai it did not kum daun tu mi, dhe raitfel er.”

“Ai did not ‘get hould ov it,’ ai waz givin it,” sed dhe wizerd. “Yur grandfadher Thror waz kild, yu rimember, in dhe mainz ov Morie bai Azog dhe Goblin.”

“Kers hiz neim, yes,” sed Thorin.

“And Threin yur fadher went ewei on dhe twenti-ferst ov Eiprel, e hundred yirz egou last Therzdei, and haz never bin sin bai yu sins–”

“Tru, tru,” sed Thorin.

“Wel, yur fadher geiv mi dhis tu giv tu yu; and if ai hav couzen mai oun taim and wei for handing it ouver, yu kan hardli bleim mi, kensidering dhe trubel ai had tu faind yu. Yur fadher kud not rimember hiz oun neim wen hi geiv mi dhe peiper, and hi never tould mi yurz; sou on dhe houl ai think ai ot tu bi preizd and thankt! Hir it iz,” sed hi handing dhe map tu Thorin.

“Ai doun't understand,” sed Thorin, and Bilbou felt hi wud hav laikt tu sei dhe seim. Dhi expleneishen did not sim tu ixplein.

“Yur grandfadher,” sed dhe wizerd slouli and grimli, “geiv dhe map tu hiz sun for seifti bifor hi went tu dhe mainz ov Morie. Yur fadher went ewei tu trai hiz luk widh dhe map after yur grandfadher waz kild; and lots ov advencerz ov e

moust unplezent sort hi had, but hi never got nir dhe Mauntin. Hau hi got dher ai doun't nou, but ai faund him e prizener in dhe dunjenz ov dhe Nekroumanser."

"Watever wer yu duing dher?" askt Thorin widh e shuder, and ol dhe dworvz shiverd.

"Never yu maind. Ai waz fainding thingz aut, az yuzhul; and e nasti deinjeres biznis it waz. Iven ai, Gandalf, ounli just iskeipt. Ai traid tu seiv yur fadher, but it waz tu leit. Hi waz witles and wandering, and had forgoten olmoust evrithing ixept dhe map and dhe ki."

"Wi hav long egou peid dhe goblinz ov Morie," sed Thorin; "wi must giv e thot tu dhe Nekroumanser."

"Doun't bi ebserd! Hi iz en enemi far biyond dhe pauerz ov ol dhe dworvz put tugedher, if dhei kud ol bi kelektid egein from dhe for kornerz ov dhe werld. Dhe wun thing yur fadher wisht waz for hiz sun tu rid dhe map and yuz dhe ki. Dhe dragen and dhe Mauntin ar mor dhan big inuf tasks for yu!"

"Hir, Hir!" sed Bilbou, and axidenteli sed it elaud.

"Hir wat?" dhei ol sed terning sudenli tuwordz him, and hi waz sou flusterd dhat hi anserd "Hir wat ai hav got tu sei!"

"Wat's dhat?" dhei askt.

"Wel, ai shud sei dhat yu ot tu gou Ist and hav e luk raund. After ol dher iz dhe Said-dor, and dragenz must slip sumtaimz, ai sepouz. If yu sit on dhe dor-step long inuf, ai dersei yu wil think ov sumthing. And wel, doun't yu nou, ai think wi hav tokt long inuf for wun nait, if yu si wat ai min. Wat ebaut bed, and en erli start, and ol dhat? Ai wil giv yu e gud brekfast bifor yu gou."

"Bifor *wi* gou, ai sepouz yu min," sed Thorin. "Arn't yu dhe bergler? And izn't siting on dhe dor-step yur job, not tu spik ov geting insaid dhe dor? But ai egri ebaut bed and brekfast. Ai laik six egz widh mai ham, wen starting on e jerni: fraid not pouct, and maind yu doun't breik 'em."

After ol dhi udherz orderd dher brekfasts widhaut sou muc az e pliz (wic enoid Bilbou veri muc), dhei ol got up. Dhe hobit had tu faind rum for dhem ol,

and fild ol hiz sper-rumz and meid bedz on cerz and soufez, bifor hi got dhem ol stoud and went tu hiz oun litel bed veri taierd and not oltugedher hapi. Wun thing hi did meik hiz maind up ebaut waz not tu bodher tu get up veri erli and kuk evribodi elsi'z recid brekfast. Dhe Tukishnes waz wering of, and hi waz not nau qait sou shur dhat hi waz gouing on eni jerni in dhe morning.

Az hi lei in bed hi kud hir Thorin stil huming tu himself in dhe best bedrum next tu him:

*Far ouver dhe misti mauntinz kould*
*Tu dunjenz dip and kavernz ould*
*Wi must ewei, er breik ov dei.*
*Tu faind auer long-forgoten gould.*

Bilbou went tu slip widh dhat in hiz irz, and it geiv him veri unkumfertebel drimz. It waz long after dhe breik ov dei, wen hi wouk up.